

The Great Journey

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Summary: The History and Holy Book of the Covenant

1. Peace

****The Great Journey****

****Book I: Abandonment****

****Peace â€" Age I****

In the beginning, the great Forerunners created the universe, and our two races.

In the beginning, we knew nothing of our creators.

We knew nothing of our purpose.

We knew nothing of the Great Journey.

In the beginning there was ignorance.

In the beginning there was peace.

None had suffered at the hands of another, none had caused pain.

This blue planet was not scarred from war, nor were its inhabitants.

In the beginning there was peace.

In the beginning, the ocean gave birth to Sangheili the Warrior.

Sangheili was strong, and lived many years happily without lack of food.

When he hungered, Sangheili would eat the fish that swam through his home.

When cold, the warrior would dive under his warm waters, and sleep below the surface.

The warrior had life, but after years of loneliness, he longed for companionship.

Sangheili cried to the skies to give him a mate.

The skies gave him nothing, and he glared at them until his eyes burned.

The Forerunners watched their greatest creation from afar, and decided to grant his wish.

They created another warrior from the sea, and sent her to Sangheili

The Forerunners watched happily as their creations ran off in joy to hunt together.

Sangheili named his mate Zakurtame and together, they built a great kingdom.

In the 18th of the first age, the Holy Prophets discovered the great water.

In the 18th of the first age, peace was no more.

2. War

****War â€" Age II****

The Great War was begun by hate.

The Holy Ones found it necessary to be the mightiest race.

Sangheili shared this necessity.

The Great War was begun by hate.

The first meeting of the kings was marked with disbelief.

None would accept that another form could rival them.

The Great War has long been blamed on a single murder.

Preventing this murder would have only delayed it.

This murder was done by a Warrior to a Holy One.

After an exchange of harsh words in different tongues, both races were angered.

A lone Warrior lept forth and slew two of her enemies with a single blow.

She was immediately set upon and torn apart.

Zakurtame, The mate of the great Sangheili had been killed.

The Great War had begun.

During the war, Sangheili stayed near his beloved oceans for fear of losing them.

The Holy Ones would not leave their mountains, their fortresses of stone.

Their numbers dwindled as they picked at each other.

Their hatred grew as many died.

In the end, only Sangheili was left able to fight the Holy Ones.

Torn from his aquatic home, for his hatred was great, Sangheili traveled to the mountains.

He swore to his weakened tribe to seek out and destroy his enemy once and for all.

Sangheili scaled the mountainside, traveling only at night, killing his enemies quietly.

Always pressing on, for his hatred was great.

The great warrior soon stood tall and proud, facing the Holy One on the highest mountain.

The final battle of strength, skill, and will lasted many days.

Neither king would yield.

Neither king would rest.

Such was the hatred of the races.

At the rise of the seventh sun, The Holy One faltered, and plunged into a crevasse.

Resigned to death, he screamed curses up at his enemy as he fell.

As the first curse was uttered, a strong wind picked up and blew Sangheili into the gap.

Even during the fall, the kings beat at each other with madman's rage.

Each king wished for the pleasure of taking the other's life from the jaws of the rock.

Rebounding from the stony walls of the crevasse, the kings were separated.

Both truly believed they were the mightiest, and the other was insignificant.

They looked downward to examine the ground rushing upward and began to pray.

They prayed to all divine beings unknown to spare their lives, and vanquish their enemies.

The ground ceased to move.

The kings floated above the stony floor, as puppets above a stage.

Their prayers had been answered. They had been saved.

As one, they realized the significance of their answered prayers.

They had asked for destruction of their enemies.

Neither had been destroyed.

The great kings came to an understanding.

Hatred was no more.

3. Discovery

****Discovery â€" Age III****

At the rise of the tenth sun, the great kings emerged from the depths of the mountain.

The great kings emerged abreast of each other.

Both races witnessed this, but could not suppress their hate for their enemies.

None understood this, and none could quell their rage.

The great kings separated and went to their citizens.

The subjects of the kingdoms eyed their kings with disbelief, and apprehension.

Though nearly shamed in the eyes of their subjects, the kings were opposed by none.

They called order to their people, and began to explain with fanatical energy.

They spoke of an artifact, deep in the canyons, that had been blessed by the true gods.

This artifact defied the force of gravity, and enabled those who believed to fly.

A ray of violet energy emitted from the object, and shone into a dark

cave.

The cave was full of wonders.

The gods had told them to be enemies no more, to live in peace, and to govern over all.

All nonbelievers must be destroyed.

Many protested to this new arrangement of friends and beliefs

Many were killed on the spot.

The two kings led those left alive to the cave.

Its deepest recesses were illuminated by a strange, heavenly radiance.

What lay scattered across the floor was strange and wonderful to the new fellowship.

All thoughts of hatred were consumed by their awe.

The gods watched this from above, and smiled.

Their creations had made peace, as it was meant to be.

The gods then gave Sangheili a task.

He was to unite the races under one banner, a covenant of brothers.

This covenant would sweep through the stars, rallying all ignorance to their faith.

And crushing all who would dare pose heresy.

End
file.